...NC.

...thout a thorn?

...und her close,
...and she blows,
...her bloom is strawn—
rose without a thorn. Not I.

...o loves the bee without a sting? Not I.
'Tis but a stupid, idle drone
May live a feeble life alone,
And be so dull and poor a thing—
I love no bee without a sting. Not I.

Who loves a maid without a will? Not I.
A thornless rose, a stingless bee,
A will-less maid, are not for me:
Give me the sweet wild briar still—
I love no maid without a will. Not I.
—From "Sweetbriar," by Dorothea Gore Browne.

How Binks Milked the Cow.

THE "real" cow which the Binkses were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:

"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come out and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."

She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was undersized and scrabby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble minded cow.

"I—I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.

"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk, like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."

"I've seen cows before," replied the lady, with a little pepper in her tones. "She may be better than she looks; but I think you'll be disappointed in her. She's evidently very common stock."

"Oh, is she, eh? That shows how much you know about cows. She's pure Leghorn."

"I never heard of a Leghorn cow," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.

"Haven't you? that's wonderful! Perhaps you never heard of a Southdown or a Merino cow? There are lots of things for you to learn yet, especially about farming. I don't say this cow is handsome, or as graceful as an antelope; but what we are after is milk and cream. She's a Leghorn, if I know anything about cows, and she'll probably have to be milked about five or six times a day. I will now open the performance."

"I don't believe you have ever milked a cow in your life," she said.

"Don't you? Well, prepare for a surprise. The day you put on short dresses I milked sixteen cows and churned twenty pounds of butter. I may be rusty; but——"

"But what?"

"I was just thinking whether you milked a Leghorn cow on the right or left side. It's on the left, I think."

"All cows are milked on the right-hand side, Mr. Binks."

"Perhaps so; but we'll try this one on the left. I'll use that old soap box for a milk stool. You can sit down on that stone and sing while I play the dairymaid. This was one of the things that induced me to hire this farm for the summer—coming out to milk our own Leghorn cow as the shades of evening——"

The shades of evening didn't fall, but the cow picked up a hind foot, and sent the milk pail whirling twenty feet away, and as Mr. Binks dodged he fell off the box.

"By the mud of New Jersey," he shouted, as he turned over and got up, "but I'll have her life to pay for this!"

"I told you it was the wrong side," protested his wife.

"Wrong side be hanged! What's the difference to a cow? She's here to be milked, and she can't have her own way about things. If she tries that little game on me again I'll break her in two! We'll drive her into a corner over there. Come to remember, Leghorn cows always have to be driven into a corner to be milked."

This time Binks approached her on the right-hand side, and, after patting her hip in a fatherly way for a minute, he said:

"Whoa, now, and back up! That's the style! Mrs. Binks, you walk up and down and sing something. What this cow lacks is confidence in us. She can't tell what our designs are. Sing a couple of verses of 'Come Into the Garden, Maude,' and give her to understand she is among friends."

"And you be easy in taking hold. Some cows have to be petted, you know."

"I'll attend to the petting business. I know this is the right side, after all; but I'll have her taught to be milked on both sides within a week. I want no one-sided cows around me. Jeewhiz! what was that?"

The cow had lifted both hind feet at once, but missed both pail and Mr. Binks.

"You never milked a cow in all your life," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.

...her I'll begin now, or perish in the ...tempt!" he shouted. "Confound her! does he think this is a circus, and she is trying to jump backward through a paper hoop? Back up, or look out for a storm. Now then, start that slugging again. Never milked a cow! I'll show you whether I ever did or not!"

Mr. Binks started in with grim determination.

Once or twice in his life he had seen a man milk a cow. He distinctly remembered that it was all hand work, and that no machinery was employed either above or below. Mrs. Binks had finished the second line of the song, when the cow made a sudden movement with her left leg. It was a combination of football, sliding for a base, and forked lightning. The milk pail flew past her, and hit the fence with a bang, but Mr. Binks, and his box, and grim determination flew the other way. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened, and he asked no questions until his breath returned, and he could sit up.

Then he queried:

"Was it the—the cow?"

"It was the cow," answered Mrs. Binks. "I told you that you knew nothing about milking."

"She—she kicked me, did she?"

"She did. Give me the pail, and I'll see what I can do. You had better go in and lie down."

"I think I will for—for a minute or two, and then I'll come out and see who kicked the cow and made her kick me! I'll break her back with a hatchet!"

Mrs. Binks got the pail and box, and sat down to the cow. Ten minutes later she entered the house.

"Well, Mr. Binks, Green has given you a nice sort of a cow, hasn't he?"

"Did you milk her?" he groaned.

"There was no milk to be had. She hasn't been a milch cow. If I were you——"

"Stop! I am now in what is probably a dying state, having received a ten-thousand-pound blow in the pit of the stomach. If I die you will have accomplished your cold-blooded purpose; if I survive until morning you and I and the cow will have a little talk, and straighten things out."

"But what did I do?"

"Never you mind. A woman who will kick a cow to make that cow kick and kill her husband is guilty of murder, and she's no wife of mine. Just keep away from me until I die or recover, and then this thing can be settled in about two minutes."

"And you say I kicked the cow?"

But Mr. Binks only glared at her for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall, and refused to speak again. The iron had entered his soul. —New York Weekly.

Blind Man Who Tells the Time.

Charles Bohannan, of Taylorsville, is totally blind. Light and darkness are the same to him, but he makes his certain way about the streets with the aid of a cane, and sometimes puts to shame men possessed of two good optics. Yesterday Charlie visited the county jail. After talking a while he pulled out his watch, an ordinary gold timepiece, with a double case, held it in his hands a moment in the usual way, and then snapped it shut with a sigh of relief.

"Well, it's time for me to start home," he remarked.

"What time is it, Charlie?" he was asked quizzically.

"One minute to three," was the prompt response.

Every watch in the crowd except Charlie's came into view. It required longer for the men with good eyes to verify Charlie's observation than it did for him to ascertain the time, but he was declared correct almost to the second.

"Good-by," and he was off, without waiting to hear the discussion his feat had precipitated.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lightning Looped the Loop.

Wednesday night's electric storm was one of the worst and also one of the most peculiar that I have ever seen, and as I worked throughout the night I had unusual opportunities for its observation.

One of the strange features of the storm was the peculiar shape some of the flashes of lightning assumed. One flash actually looped the loop. Starting from the clouds, it traveled earthward, toward the south. Then it suddenly made an upshoot skyward and then coming down it completed the loop, crossing its own path and dying out in darkness as it neared the ground.—Chicago News.

A Pocket Camera in the Field.

There is one most attractive phase of amateur photography which has not received the attention it deserves. It is photography as practiced by the amateur who confines his efforts entirely to the field covered by the pocket camera, yet who cultivates that field to its utmost edges and remotest corners. If the possibilities for artistic work that lie in these pocket editions were more generally known there would be more of them carried by those who aspire to something better than a bald-headed snapshot caricature of the beauties they find almost daily.—E. R. Plaisted, in Recreation.

MONKEY MOTHER MUCH LIKE A HUMAN ONE.

Old Lady Was Astonished When the Simian Parent Did Just What She Would Have Done.

"Ma-ma! Mama!" is the most familiar cry at the New York Zoological Park these days. There are, counting all noses, upward of one hundred babies. These number the ducks, chickens, monkeys, wolves, buffalo and snakes. And the baby cry strangely resembles the human cry for "Ma-ma!" in some of these nurseries.

An old lady with the air of a martyr walked through the park yesterday with her daughter, who was evidently a college girl, for she wore "specs" and talked in a superior way about Darwin and Huxley. They entered the monkey house and there came across the babel of simian talk the clear, squeaky cry of the baby green monkey, born a weak ago.

"Hello!" said the old lady. "Whose baby is that crying? It is a shame to bring a baby into this place."

And she moved along the cages till she was in front of the cage of the green monkey. This simian seldom breeds in captivity and this green monkey is a curiosity. The baby awoke yesterday feeling ill. It clung close to its mother's arms and sobbed, while its little stomach was convulsed with spasms, which the kindly old lady outside the cage understood at once.

"The poor little thing! It has the stomach-ache!" she said. "I should rub its stomach if it was mine, now!"

And just then, to her utter astonishment, the wise-looking old mama green monkey took the baby on her knee and began gently to massage its stomach, now and then patting the little one on the back and then trotting it up and down. The old lady looked on in consternation.

"Daughter!" she exclaimed. "That's the humanest baby that I ever saw—and its mother is the humanest animal that ever was."—New York World.

WISE WORDS.

Separation come from setting up your fad as another man's faith.

The time best to attend to your neighbor's affairs is in your sleep.

Sentiment does not call for a roundabout method of being expressed.

A man is not doing his level best who is content to stay on the same level.

When a man falls in love with heaven he learns how he loves this earth.

The familiarity of some persons has an air of pleasant freshness and surprise.

Many a man thinks he is on the lookout for evil when he is only looking at evil.

There is always hope for a man so long as he can look at things with the eyes of a child.

The really busy man always has more time than the man who only thinks he is busy.

Strong language is not the most effective manner of showing either dislike or contempt.

The man who has only flowers in the garden of his life does not need to build a wall about it.

When God hangs His promises on the wall of the heart the devil's pictures have no attraction for the eye.

There is no creature on earth that might not look noble to use, had we love's insight.—Charles Carroll Everett.

We shall one day forget all about duty, and do everything from the love of the loveliness of it, the satisfaction of the rightness of it.—George MacDonald.

Strawberries Growing Beneath Snowbank

"I am going to tell you something that will sound almost like a fairy tale, but is every word true," said Miles Fisher. "I was up the Moffat road the other day viewing the magnificent scenery that delights the tourist all the way from here to Arrowhead, and I found an additional proof that the soil of Colorado will grow fruit in spite of everything.

"I got off the train above Tolland at a little station on the mountain side and found a snowbank, dirty and crusted over on the top. I scraped away the top of the snow to secure some fresh snow from the bottom of the pile, and in the handful of snow I caught up were a quantity of strawberries. The berries were just turning from green to red and were of good size. I believe no State in the Union can beat that. Strawberries growing under snowbanks is about the limit."—Denver Republican.

Satisfied With His Employers.

A Philadelphia clergyman, visiting an old schoolmate in Montana, was called upon to speak during revival services in a large camp of Swedish miners.

Looking straight at a powerful-looking man who sat in front of him, the minister asked:

"My friend, don't you want to work for the Lord?"

The Swede thought a few seconds and replied slowly:

"No, I tank so, de Norden Pacific fallers is good enough for me."—Baltimore Sun.

ELECTRICITY AS A S... TO PLANT GROWTH.

THE flora of the north polar region is remarkable for rapid growth, fertility and brilliancy of coloring, phenomena which seem incompatible with the climate. For the Arctic summer, though nightless, is very short, the sun is low, and its rays are often intercepted by fog and clouds, so that it cannot furnish an amount of light and heat favorable to very rapid growth.

The investigations of Professor Lemstrom, of Helsingfors, and others, tend to show that electricity exerts a great influence on the growth of plants, and this view is confirmed by the luxuriant vegetation of the zone of action of that violent electrical manifestation, the aurora borealis. Furthermore, a close connection has been found, in Finland, between fruitfulness and frequency of auroras. Finally, Lemstrom was led to attribute to the sharp points of plants, such as the beard of grains, the function of "lightning rods," which collect atmospheric electricity and facilitate the exchange of the charges of the air and the ground.

Thereupon he proceeded to submit the suspected effect of electricity upon vegetable growth to the test of experiment, beginning in 1885 with a number of flower pots containing similar soil and seed. Some of the pots were subjected to the action of an influence or inductive statical electric machine, one pole of which was connected with the soil in the pot, and the other with a wire netting stretched over it. The other pots were left to nature. The electric machine was driven several hours daily. Within a week the electrified plants showed a more vigorous growth than the others, and in eight weeks the disparity in weight, of grain and straw alike, amounted to forty per cent. This favorable result suggested a field experiment with barley, in which an increase of thirty-seven per cent. was obtained by electrification. In the following year the experiments were extended to various plants. The results were contradictory in some respects, and showed that the advantage derivable from electroculture depends also upon other factors, such as temperature, moisture of air and soil, and the natural fertility and the manuring of the latter. The supply of water proved to be of especial importance. Extensive experiments with potatoes, carrots and celery showed increases in crop of from thirty to seventy per cent. Potted strawberry plants, in the greenhouse, produced ripe fruit, under electrical influence, in half the usual time. Small differences, possibly due to extraneous causes, appeared when the direction of the current was reversed. Other field experiments gave increases of 45, 55, occasionally 85 per cent. for grain, and cabbage, tobacco, flax, turnips and peas grew better without electrification than with it.

Then Lemstrom, in order to test the effect of climate on electro-culture, transferred his experiments from Finland to Burgundy, where he found his earlier observations confirmed, particularly in regard to the great influence of irrigation. He concluded that the more vigorous growth induced by electricity must be sustained by a rapid ingestion of food, that is to say—a rich soil being presupposed—by an abundant supply of water. With copious watering peas, which in the earlier experiments had reacted unfavorably to electrification, now showed a difference of seventy-five per cent. in favor of the electrified plants, carrots gave an increase of 125 per cent. and sugar beets augmented their percentage of sugar by fifteen per cent. The experiments in Burgundy also confirmed the importance of the character of the soil. The richer the soil, the greater is the advantage of electrical culture, which is quite useless in very poor ground. Hence, the Sahara cannot be converted into a garden by electro-culture.

In 1888 Lemstrom's experiments ceased for a time, but other investigators attacked the problem from a different side, endeavoring to affect by electrification, not the growing plant, but the seed. The Russian botanist, Spechniew, submitted grain to electrical action, and thought that it sprouted earlier and more vigorously than grain not so treated. Pautens, who in 1894 repeated Spechniew's experiments on a larger scale, came to the conclusion that electricity had no effect on dry seeds, but that it promised excellent results when applied in connection with moisture—which in itself promotes germination. The same conclusion was reached by Kermey, who in 1897 electrified grain strewn on moist sand in a glass cylinder through which it could be observed. The metal top and bottom of the cylinder were connected to the poles of a galvanic battery.

But while electrical treatment of dry grain is comparatively simple and cheap, electrification during germination is even more difficult and costly than the application of electroculture to the growing plant. Grandeau and Leclerq, therefore, returned to the latter method, but, instead of using artificial source, they studied the effect of atmospheric electricity by covering part of a field with wire netting. The uncovered plants showed an increase of 50 to 60 per cent in growth and fruitfulness over the plants which were shielded by the netting from natural electrical action.

In 1898 Lemstrom resumed his experiments with the aid of an improved electrical machine and distributing apparatus. Again he observed remarkable increases of crop—with tobacco 40, potatoes 50, peas 56, sugar beets 30, carrots 37, grain 25 to 30 per cent. Spechniew and Bertholon obtained similar results.

As it is not practical to cover fields with electrified nets, and as the influence of atmospheric electricity has been proved, Lagrange and Paulin have recently sought to increase the supply of the latter by setting ancon the plants galvanized iron rods to serve as conductors, and have thus obtained great increase in crops. This, as well as other methods of electroculture, is probably too expensive to be applied to ordinary field crops.

But in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, particularly under glass, the economic conditions are very different. For, as electroculture promises not only greater, but also earlier crops which command high prices, its introduction would secure to local gardeners large sums which now go to the South and would, at the same time, benefit consumers by reducing prices somewhat. Floriculture offers another promising field for the application of electrical methods.

All this, however, belongs to the future. Much study and experiment and probably many failures must precede the general introduction of electroculture, though the results already obtained are certainly promising.

In what way is the growth of plants affected by electricity? Plants transform the energy of the sun's rays into chemical energy. Though the heat produced by the electric current may have some direct effect, especially in germination, the electrical energy supplied cannot, in general, replace or even greatly reinforce the energy of sunshine. It is rather to be regarded as a stimulus to metabolism and all the vital processes. One of these is the capillary elevation of water, which is promoted by a positive electric current flowing upward. This is one possible explanation of the promotion of growth by electricity, and though in some cases the best effect is obtained by directing the positive current downward or in the opposite direction to the assumed principal flow of sap, these exceptions may mean that more food is supplied by the leaves than is commonly supposed. Another possibility is an increase in activity in both leaves and roots. The electrical influence on the flow of sap, however, appears to be proved by the fact that electroculture is beneficial only in connection with an abundant supply of water. According to Kermey, there is also an electrolysis of water within the plant, and further experiment may prove the existence of other electrical actions. — Scientific American.

Ocean Yachting.

Ocean yachting is one sport that is absolutely in the hands of amateurs. Polo is another, and perhaps there is a third. Some yachtsmen may be over eager to win races, and yacht races furnish pretty nearly their share of disputes, but it can at least be said of the men who race the big yachts that amusement and glory are the only rewards they strive for. No yachtsman pursues yachting for the money there is in it. There is no shadow of professionalism upon it. The sailors and skippers are frankly and honorably hired men, and the owners are indisputably amateurs. And it is a rare distinction in any sport nowadays to be free from professionalism. The college games and contests of one kind or another are now the chief stronghold of amateur sport in this country, and the price of keeping them clear of men who follow athletics for the dollars (or their equivalent) that is in them is a vigilance at least as untiring as is traditionally paid for liberty. Indeed, it takes a little stricter vigilance than is obtainable, so urgent is the demand for strong players on the college teams, and so devious and obscure the wiles by which they are procured.—Harper's Weekly.

Men Were Deceivers Ever.

"Well done, Sam, my boy," said Ned Jordan to his friend Sam Malone, a few days after the latter's wedding. "I see you have given up smoking in order to please the wife. I did the same myself."

"And did you persevere?"

"Well, for the first week it was mighty hard work to keep from the pipe, but after that I had no more trouble at all."

"What means did you adopt?"

"O, the means I adopted was simplicity itself—I began to smoke again."—Stray Stories.